WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

[Continued from our laſt.]

"WOMAN!" ſaid he, in a hoarſe, hollow tone ---"Woman! do you ſee them? do you ſee them?" ---"Sir! pray what did you ſay, ſir?" cried Agnes, in a tone of reſpect, and curtſeying as ſhe ſpoke---for what is ſo reſpectful as fear?---"I cant ſee them," reſumed he, not attending to her, "I have eſcaped them! Raſcals! cowards! I have eſcaped them!" and then he jumped and clapped his hands for joy.

Agnes, relieved in ſome meaſure from her fears and eager to gain the poor wretch's favor, told him ſhe rejoiced at his eſcape from the raſcals, and hoped they would not overtake him: but while ſhe ſpoke he ſeemed wholly inattentive, and jumping as he walked, made his fetter clank in horrid exultation.---The noiſe at length awoke the child, who, ſeeing a ſtrange object before him and hearing a ſound ſo unuſual, ſcreamed violently, and hid his face in his mother's boſom.

"Take it away! take it away!" exclaimed the maniac---"I do not like children."---And Agnes, terrified at the thought of what might happen tried to ſoothe the trembling boy to reſt, but in vain; the child ſtill ſcreamed, and the angry agitation of the maniac increaſed.---"Strangle it! ſtrangle it!" he cried---"do it this moment, or——" Agnes, almoſt frantic with terror, conjured the unconſcious boy, if he valued his life to ceaſe his cries; and then the next moment ſhe conjured the wretched man to ſpare her child; but, alas! ſhe ſpoke to thoſe incapable of underſtanding her---a child and a madman!---The terrified boy ſtill ſhrieked, the lunatic ſtill threatened, and, clenching his fiſt, ſeized the left arm of Agnes, who with the other attempted to defend her infant from his fury; when, at the very moment that his fate ſeemed inevitable, a ſudden gale of wind ſhook the leafleſs branches of the ſurrounding trees, and the madman, fancying the noiſe proceeded from his purſuers, ran off with the rapidity of lightning.

Immediately, the child, relieved from the light, and the ſound which alarmed it, and exhauſted by the violence of its cries, ſunk into a ſound ſleep on the throbbing boſom of its mother.---But, alas! Agnes knew this was but a temporary eſcape---the maniac might return, and again the child might wake in terrors; but ſcarcely had the thought paſſed her mind, when ſhe ſaw him returning; but, as he walked ſlowly, the noiſe was not ſo great as before.

"I hate to hear children cry," ſaid he, as he approached.---"Mine is quiet now," replied Agnes; then, recollecting ſhe had ſome food in her pocket, ſhe offered ſome to the ſtranger in order to divert his attention from the child. He ſnatched it from her hand inſtantly, and devoured it with terrible voracioufneſs: but again he exclaimed, "I do not like children; if you truſt them they will betray you," and Agnes offered him food again, as if to bribe him to ſpare her helpleſs boy.---"I had a child once---but ſhe is dead, poor ſoul!" continued he, taking Agnes by the arm, and leading her gently forward.---"And you loved her very tenderly, I ſuppoſe?" ſaid Agnes, thinking the loſs of his child had occaſioned his malady; but, inſtead of anſwering her he went on:---"They ſaid ſhe ran away from me with a lover---but I knew they lied---ſhe was good, and would not have deſerted the father who doted on her---Beſides, I ſaw her funeral myſelf---Liars, raſcals, as they are!---do not tell any one, I got away from them laſt night, and am now going to viſit her grave."

A death-like ſickneſs, an apprehenſion ſo horrible as to deprive her almoſt of ſenſe, took poſſeſſion of the ſoul of Agnes. She eagerly endeavored to obtain a ſight of the ſtranger's face, but in vain, as his hat was pulled over his forehead, and his chin reſted on his boſom. They had now nearly gained the end of the foreſt, and day was juſt breaking; Agnes, as ſoon as they entered the open plain, ſeized the arm of the madman to force him to look towards her---for ſpeak to him ſhe could not. He felt, and perhaps reſented the importunate preſſure of her hand---for he turned haſtily round---when, dreadful confirmation of her fears, Agnes beheld her father!!!

It was indeed Fitzhenry, driven to madneſs by his daughter's deſertion and diſgrace!

After the elopement of Agnes, Fitzhenry entirely neglected his buſineſs, and thought and talked of nothing but the miſery he experienced. In vain did his friends repreſent to him the neceſſity of his making amends, by increaſed diligence, for ſome alarming loſſes in trade which he had lately ſuſtained. She, for whom alone he toiled had deſerted him---and ruin had no terrors for him.---"I was too proud of her," he uſed mournfully to repeat---"and Heaven has humbled me even in her by whom I offended."

Month after month elapſed, and no intelligence of Agnes.---Fitzhenry's dejection increaſed, and his affairs became more and more involved: at length, abſolute and irretrievable bankruptcy was become his portion, when he learnt from authority not to be doubted, that Agnes was living with Clifford as his acknowledged miſtreſs.---This was the death-ſtroke to his reaſon: and the only way in which his friends (relations he had none, or only diſtant ones) could be of any further ſervice to him was, by procuring him admiſſion into a private madhouſe in the neighborhood.

Of his recovery little hope was entertained.---The conſtant theme of his ravings was his daughter;---ſometimes he bewailed her as dead; at other times he complained of her as ungrateful;---but ſo complete was the overthrow his reaſon had received, that he knew no one, and took no notice of thoſe whom friendſhip or curioſity led to his cell: yet he was always meditating his eſcape, and though ironed in conſequence of it, the night he met Agnes he had, after incredible difficulty and danger, effected his purpoſe.

But to return to Agnes---who, when ſhe beheld in her inſane companion her injured father, the victim probably of her guilt, let fall her ſleeping child, and, ſinking on the ground, extended her arms towards Fitzhenry, articulating in a faint voice, "O God! my father!" then proſtrating herſelf at his feet, ſhe claſped his knees in an agony too great for utterance.

At the name of "father," the poor maniac ſtarted, and gazed on her earneſtly, with ſavage wildneſs, while his whole frame became convulſed; and rudely diſengaging himſelf from her embrace, he ran from her a few paces, and then daſhed himſelf on the ground in all the violence of phrenſy. He raved, he tore his hair; he ſcreamed and uttered the moſt dreadful execrations; and with his teeth ſhut and his hands clenched, he repeated the word father, and ſaid the name was mockery to him.

Agnes, in mute and tearleſs deſpair, beheld the dreadful ſcene; in vain did her affrighted child cling to her gown, and in its half formed accents entreat to be taken to her arms again; ſhe ſaw, ſhe heeded nothing but her father; ſhe was alive to nothing but her own guilt and its conſequences; and ſhe awaited with horrid compoſure the ceſſation of Fitzhenry's phrenſy, or the direction of its fury towards the child.

At laſt, ſhe ſaw him fall down exhauſted and motionleſs, and tried to haſten to him; but ſhe was unable to move, and reaſon and life ſeemed at once forſaken her, when Fitzhenry ſuddenly ſtarted up, and approached her.---Uncertain as to his purpoſe, Agnes caught her child to her boſom and, falling again on her knees, turned on him her almoſt cloſing eyes; but his countenance was mild---and gently patting her forehead, on which hung the damps of approaching inſenſibility, "Poor thing!" he cried, in a tone of utmoſt tenderneſs and compaſſion, "Poor thing!" and then gazed on her with ſuch inquiring and mournful looks, that tears once more found their way and relieved her burſting brain---while ſeizing her father's hand ſhe preſſed it with frantic emotion to her lips.

Fitzhenry looked at her with great kindneſs, and ſufferred her to hold his hand---then exclaimed, "Poor thing!---don't cry---don't cry---I can't cry---I have not cried for many years; not ſince my child died---for ſhe is dead, is ſhe not?" looking earneſtly at Agnes, who could only anſwer by her tears.---"Come," ſaid he, "come," taking hold of her arm, then laughing wildly, "Poor thing! you will not leave me, will you?" ---"Leave you!" ſhe replied, "never:---I will live with you-- die with you."---"True, true," cried he, "ſhe is dead, and we will go viſit her grave."---So ſaying, he dragged Agnes forward with great velocity; but as it was along the path leading to the town, ſhe made no reſiſtance.

Indeed it was ſuch a pleaſure to her to ſee that though he knew her not, the ſight of her was welcome to her unhappy parent, that ſhe ſought to avoid thinking of the future, and to be alive only to the preſent; ſhe tried alſo to forget that it was to his not knowing her ſhe owed the looks of tenderneſs and pity he beſtowed on her, and that the hand which kindly held her's would, if recollection returned, throw her from him with juſt indignation.

But ſhe was ſoon awakened to redoubled anguiſh by hearing Fitzhenry, as he looked behind him, exclaim, "They are coming, they are coming:" and as he ſaid this, he ran with frantic haſte acroſs the common. Agnes immediately looking behind her, ſaw three men purſuing her father at

full ſpead, and concluded that they were the keepers of the bedlam whence he had eſcaped. Soon after ſhe ſaw the poor lunatic coming towards her, and had ſcarcely time to lay her child gently on the ground, before Fitzhenry threw himſelf in her arms, and implored her to ſave him from his purſuers

In an agony that mocks deſcription, Agnes claſped him to her heart, and awaited in trembling agitation the approach of the keepers.---"Hear me, hear me," ſhe cried, "I conjure you to leave him to my care:---He is my father, and you may ſafely truſt him with me."---"Your father!" replied one of the men; "and what then child? You could do nothing for him, and you ſhould be thankful to us, young woman, for taking him off your hands.---So come along, maſter, come along," he continued, ſeizing Fitzhenry, who could with difficulty be ſeparated from Agnes---while another of the keepers, laughing as he beheld her wild anguiſh, ſaid, "We ſhall have the daughter as well as the father ſoon, I ſee, for I do not believe there is a pin to chuſe between them."

[To be continued.]

THE FORCE OF HATRED.

The following is given as authentic in a late Engliſh publication, and exhibits a ſad leſſon of human depravity.

AN elderly gentleman was caſt away upon the Weſtern part of England. The people gathered about him, and pointed out a reſpectable houſe in the neighborhood, where he was likely to be well received. He rejoiced to find, that it was inhabited by an old ſchool fellow, whom he had never ſeen ſince they were boys together. His joy, however, was damped, by finding him a martyr to the gout---yet, long as he had ſuffered under the pangs inflicted by that tyrant, he ſeemed revived at the ſight of an early friend, and his ſpirits ſeemed to be renewed by the unlooked-for accident. After our traveller had refreſhed himſelf, he was ſhown by the ſervant-maid to the chamber ſhe had prepared for him, and left to his repoſe. This girl was the only domeſtic of our old gentleman. In the night, the traveller was murdered.---The trial was to aſcertain by whom. The maſter of the houſe repreſented himſelf as unable to ſtir hand or foot---for a long time he had not moved out of his apartment.---The girl, when interrogated, gave her anſwers and proteſtations in a manner ſo candid and convincing, that every opinion abſolved her. In this ſituation, the counſel for the proſecution ſaid he had one queſtion more to aſk the ſervant-maid which he handed to the priſoner's counſel. "If you put this queſtion (ſaid the latter) I fling up my brief." Every conſideration naturally enforced the queſtion---it was, "Did you in the night, hear a door open?" The anſwer was, "I did." "What door?"---"My maſter's" The old gentleman, upon this, begged that he might confeſs his crime, and make the only atonement in his power. What he ſaid was to this effect.

"We were of the ſame ſtanding, in the ſame ſchool, and the ſons of gentlemen. Two boys on the foundation, with no other dependance, had robbed an orchard. The deceaſed propoſed that we, as able to bear the obloquy, ſhould father the offence. We did ſo, and were expelled. The ſhame of expulſion produced hate towards him who recommended the act which had produced it. We were ſundered in the buſineſs of life. I knew not, till he ſought my houſe, that he exiſted. At the ſight of him, I felt a flaſh of triumph ſpringing in my cheeks---to him it no doubt ſeemed the joy to behold him---it was the joy to behold him my victim. Hatred invigorated my limbs: decrepitude yielded to the demand of vengeance: in the middle of a ſleepleſs night, I crawled on my hands and knees to his chamber door: with a palpitating heart I liſtened to his breathing, to be aſſured he was aſleep; and with a razor, he had borrowed of me, I cut his throat from ear to ear---I then crept back to my chamber with horrible ſatisfaction."

It is only neceſſary to add, that, upon this confeſſion, the offender was executed. To apply the ſtory, and illuſtrate our ſubject, may be the trouble, for it cannot be the amuſement of the reader. Of it's truth there cannot be the ſlighteſt queſtion.

SCRAP. From fame to infamy is a beaten road.

WINTER SONG.

NOW Winter ſtrips with ruthleſs haſte,
The Poplar's leafy pride;
Deforms the vale with chilling blaſt,
And checks the chryſtal tide.
While each fair flower of brighteſt glow,
Lies deep entomb'd in ice and ſnow.

Yet, luckleſs bloſſoms, ceaſe to claim
The ſympathetic lay,
In Fanny's face your colors beam,
And ſweeter hues diſplay;
Bright azure ſhines in either eye,
Her lips the roſe's traits defy.

No more let Philomela wail,
And let the lark be ſtill
While Fanny's dearer notes prevail
And ſofter warblings trill;
Her lips exale the breath of ſpring,
Freſh winnow'd by the zephyr's wing.

And when the melting kiſs I ſnatch,
And hold her to my heart,
The cherry and the juicy peach
Not half ſuch ſweets impart.
What then for May have I to care,
While ſpring and ſummer bloom in her!

CAROLINE.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL, author of "The Pleaſures of Hope."

GEM of the crimſon-color'd even,
Companion of retiring Day,
Why, at the cloſing gates of Heaven,
Beloved Star doſt thou delay?

So fair thy penſive beauty burns,
When ſoft the tear of Twilight flows;
So due thy plighted ſtep returns
To chambers brighter than the roſe.

To peace, to pleaſure, and to love,
So kind a ſtar thou ſeem'ſt to be,
Sure ſome enamor'd orb above,
Deſcends, and burns to meet with thee!

Thine is the breathing, bluſhing hour,
When all unheav'nly paſſions fly,
Chas'd by the ſoul-ſubduing pow'r
Of Love's delicious ecſtacy!

O! ſacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious ſtars, appear,
And early riſe, and long delay,
When CAROLINE herſelf is here!

Shine on her choſen green reſort,
Whoſe trees the ſunward ſummit crown,
And wanton flowers that well may court
An angel's feet to tread them down!

Shine on her ſweetly-ſcented road,
Thou ſtar of ev'ning's purple dome,
That lead'ſt the nightingale abroad,
And guid'ſt the pilgrim to his home!

Shine where my charmer's ſweeter breath
Embalms thy ſoft-exhaling dew---
Where dying winds a ſigh bequeath,
To kiſs the cheek of roſy hue;

Where winnow'd by the gentle air,
Her ſilken treſſes darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow ſo fair,
Like ſhadows on the mountain ſnow!

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline
In converſe ſweet to wander far,
Oh! bring with me my CAROLINE---
And thou ſhalt be MY RULING STAR.

The following Speech, for ſubſtance, was actually made by a noted gameſter in New-Hampſhire, on obtaining a verdict againſt the unanimous opinion of the Judges, by tampering with the Jury.

WE cut and ſhuffled, ſtirr'd our ſtumps,
But zounds! they put us to our trumps.
They held court-cards, led ſuit beſide,
With all four honors on their ſide;
They play'd the deuce! but we, more brave,
Fineſs'd on hearts, and play'd the knave.
We better knew the pack to fix,
And won the game, at laſt, by tricks!

RUSSIAN REFINEMENT!

The following extract will ſerve to ſhew to what a degree of cruelty and turpitude women may arrive, in a country where domeſtics and inferiors are conſidered as ſlaves:---It is taken from a late ingenuous work, entitled, "Secret Memoirs of the Court of St. Peterſburgh."

A LADY of ſome diſtinction at court had in her bed chamber a ſort of dark cage, in which ſhe kept a ſlave who dreſſed her hair. She took him out herſelf every day, as you would take a comb out of its caſe, in order to dreſs her head, and immediately ſhut him up again, though ſeldom without having his ears boxed, while ſhe was at her toilette. The poor fellow had a bit of bread, a pitcher of water, and a little ſtool in his box. He never ſaw daylight but when he was dreſſing the bald pate of his old keeper. This portable priſon was kept cloſe to her bed's head, and carried with her into the country:---and her huſband permitted this abomination! The poor youth paſſed three years in this GEHENNA; and when he made his re-appearance in ſociety, he was frightful to look at, pale, bent, and withered like an old man. The chief motive of this ſtrange barbarity was the wiſh of the old baggage to conceal from the world that ſhe wore falſe hair: and for this ſhe ſequeſtered a man of eighteen from all human ſociety . . . . How ſtrange is the caprice of females of rank and fortune!

LITERARY CURIOSITY.

THE library of the Duke of Wirtemberg, at Stutgart, in Germany, exhibits a curious ſpecimen of that gentleman's taſte. His collection of Bibles amounts to NINE THOUSAND, which are all different editions. He has calculated that about three thouſand more will complete the collection, and he ſpares no expence in procuring them. The whole library conſiſts of more than one hundred thouſand volumes, among which are two thouſand printed before the year 1500.

A SONG.

THE ſtreamlet that flow'd round her cot,
All the charms of my EMILY knew:
How oft has its courſe been forgot,
When it paus'd her dear image to woo.

Believe me the fond ſilver tide,
Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize,
For ſilently ſwelling with pride,
It reflected it back to the ſkies.

FLATTERY.

AN Indian Prince one day deſirous to try the ſincerity of his Courtiers, ordered an infuſion of tobacco to be ſerved up inſtead of Coffee. As ſoon as they had taſted it they looked at each other with amazement and then caſt a timid glance towards their maſter, who took his cup, and praiſed it highly. "Excellent! excellent!" re-echoed the Courtiers, & they drank their portions to the dregs. Such is the nature of Courtiers, and ſuch men there are under all maſters!

ANECDOTES.

A well known ſharper in London, invited an Emigrant Nobleman of high rank to dine with him, and expreſſed great admiration of a beautiful gold ſnuff box, which his gueſt took out after dinner, and laid upon the table. M. LE DUC, with all that politeneſs which characteriſed his country, but which was always meant to paſs for nothing told him, as a matter of courſe, that the box was at his ſervice: but, at his perfect aſtoniſhment, inſtead of taking the compliment as it was intended, the hoſt immediately accepted the offer, thanked him very kindly, and put the box in his pocket! It may eaſily be ſuppoſed that the Frenchman felt no great enjoyment during the remainder of an entertainment which he purchaſed at the expenſe of a box of the value of the Lord knows how many thouſand livres It was ſome time before the pride of the French Nobleman allowed him to divulge this trick; but what he ſaid fretted him ſtill more than the loſs of his precious ſnuff box was, that the ſame fellow had the impudence to ſend him another invitation---with the hope, no doubt of pocketing another ſnuff box!

A certain preacher having changed his religion for a good benefice, was much blamed by ſome of his friends for deſerting them. To excuſe himſelf, he aſſured them he ſhould never have done it, but for ſeven reaſons. Being aſked what they were, he anſwered,---A wife, and ſix children.

WINTER, A SONNET.

At length, ftern WINTER, on his ftorm-wing'd car,
From diftant ice-clad regions ruſhes forth,
Borne on the frigid pinions of the North,
And founds his triumph o'er the year afar.

Joyleſs the day, and cheerleſs is the night;
Save, where Proſperity or Plenty ſmiles,
Where ſocial converſe the long hours beguiles,
And Earth's enjoyments ſpread around delight.

Ah! let the ſons of Affluence, wrapt in bliſs,
Now call to mind "the houſeleſs child of want,"
Without one friend, and life's poor pittance ſcant,
Pining midſt froſts, and—dying in diſtreſs.

Oh!—while the treaſures of this world we prove,
To Man be charity, to HEAV'N be love!

FOLLY OF RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

THE Jews in Conſtantinople had once a violent altercation with ſome Muſſelmen concerning Paradiſe; the former inſiſting that they alone on their departure from this world could be admitted into it.—" If this is your maxim, what is to become of us?" demanded the Turks. The Jews being afraid to ſay that their antagoniſts will be utterly excluded from heaven, replied, "Why you would be placed on the outſide of the walls, and will have the pleaſure of viewing us."—The merits of this ſingular diſpute at length reached the ears of the grand Vizier, who, as he only waited a pretext to exact freſh contributions from the Jews, declared, "ſince theſe fellows think proper to ſhut the gates of Paradiſe againſt us, it is but juſt that they ſhould ſupply us with pavillions, in order to ſhelter us from the inclemency of the weather." He accordingly levied, beſides what they had hitherto paid, an additional tax from the Jews, and that for the avowed purpoſe of furniſhing pavillions for the Turks in the other world; a tax with which the Jews are ſaddled in Turkey to this day.

EPIGRAM.

OLD Spintext a preaching one Sunday, thus ſaid,
That for his HARD STUDY he was not well paid;
A wag thus replied, "pray don't be ſo vext,
If not in this world, you'll be paid in the next!"

REMARK.

A great woman not imperious, a fair woman not vain, a woman of common talents not jealous, an accompliſhed woman who ſcorns to ſhine——are four wonders juſt great enough to be divided among the four quarters of the globe.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 180[illegible]

On Monday arrived at this port, the brig Riſing States, Captain Wickham, in 20 days from St. Domingo. Capt. Wickham informs us, that Touſſaint arrived at the Cape, on the 3d of January, eſcorted by 400 horſe and foot ſoldiers, who made a ſplendid appearance. On his arrival at the gates of the city, he was met by our Conſul, and a numerous aſſemblage of white gentlemen. Touſſaint, Capt. Wickham ſtates, is a brilliant officer; indefatigable in actions, cautious in his proceedings; and is not, as ſtated in the account of his death, careleſs and negligent. Reſpecting his ſafety he is under no apprehenſions. He keeps a perſonal guard, however, correſpondent with the perilous ſituation of the Iſland and the ſtate of the public mind. Capt. Wickham adds that Touſſaint had an interview with the American Conſul, in which he ſtated that, in caſe of an attack on the Iſland, he calculated in ſome meaſure, on obtaining proviſions from America. He has under his command a numerous army, well diſciplined, and determined to refuſe every overture for peace derogatory to the views of their chieftain, of the freedom and independence of the iſland.

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On Sunday morning laſt, an affair of honor was ſettled at Hoebuck, between Mr. Chandler of Philadelphia, and Mr. Carliſle of Albany. Three ſhots were exchanged and the latter was wounded in the thigh.

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ALBANY, Jan 28.

The Hon. the Legiſlature of this State met in this city on Tueſday laſt.

The Hon. THOMAS STORM, of New-York, was unanimouſly elected Speaker of the Houſe of Aſſembly; and JAMES VAN INGEN, Eſq. unanimouſly re-elected Clerk.

A letter from Plymouth, in Maſſachuſetts, dated the 23d ult. ſays, "I am ſorry that we have to relate to the public, that this place has, in ſome meaſure, participated with the capital, the deſtruction by fire. The circumſtance is as follows:—On Thurſday laſt, as Mr. SALISBURY JACKSON, was at work in his Rope Walk, (in Water ſtreet near the Draw Bridge) his tar kettle boiled over, and the building was inſtantly wrapped in flames. The roof being compoſed of combuſtibles, ſuch as tar, paper, &c. burnt with the greateſt fury imaginable, and ſeemed to threaten unexampled deſtruction, but by unprecedented exertion, it was got under, with the loſs of the Rope-Walk and ſtock amounting to about 6000 dollars, with ſome damage done to ſeveral veſſels and ſtores, but no other building was entirely conſumed. On Friday, the temporary Light Houſe on the Gurnet, was nearly deſtroyed by fire."

—

Extract of a letter from Com. Dale, to the Secretary of the Navy, dated Straits of Gibraltar, Oct. 26, 1801.

"It is a painful taſk for me to inform you of the ſad cataſtrophe that happened to the cutter, a boat belonging to the Preſident, and the officers and men who were in her, on the 22d inſtant;—being a very fine morning, I ſent her over to Gibraltar with a letter to Mr. Gavino, requeſting him to have the articles ordered for the ſhip in readineſs, as I expected to be over with the ſhip in two or three days. The boat left Gibraltar on her return back, at 11 o'clock, A. M. By this time the wind was blowing very freſh, the boat by ſome means was overſet, and every ſoul on board was loſt except one man, whom I have not ſeen as yet.—The enclоſed is a liſt of the officers and men that were loſt—It is ſomething ſurpriſing that the boat was not ſeen to overſet either from Algeziras or Gibraltar, as it is not more than five and an half miles across, and the accident took place between 2 and 3 o'clock."

Liſt of Men loſt in the Preſident's boat.

John M. Clagget, Lieutenant, Elias Willis, Midſhipman, John Street, Coxſwain, John Evans, ſeaman, John Mile, do. Jacob Dodge, do. William Smith, do. Thomas Bragg, do. William Maybrook, do. Joſeph Dickſon, do.

The name of the man ſaved is not mentioned.

PARIS, Frimaire 9, Nov. 30.

His Excellency Mr. R. R. Livingſton, Miniſter Plenipotentiary from the United States of America, arrived, with his family, at Nantes, on the evening of the 22d. He lodged at the Hotel de France, where the Prefect immediately waited upon him, and gave him and his ſuite an invitation to dinner.

MORTALITY.

SO fades the lovely blooming flower,
Sweet ſmiling ſolace of an hour;
So ſwift our tranſient comforts fly,
And pleaſure only blooms to die.

—

DIED,

On the 8th day of October laſt, on board the United States' Frigate Eſſex, commanded by Capt. Bainbridge, now on a cruiſe in the Mediterranean Seas, Lieutenant GEORGE WASHINGTON TEW, of New Port (R. I.) in the 26th year of his age.—By the early death of this young man, who, with a good ſhare of underſtanding, poſſeſſed a generous, noble diſpoſition, and a character untainted by the too frequent extravagancies of youth, his country has loſt a capable, deſerving, and ſpirited officer—his native town a valuable member, who promiſed fair to become an ornament to ſociety—and his bereaved and afflicted Parents, Relatives and Friends, all that their warmeſt affection could wiſh from a continuance of life, all that expectation could grant."

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for ſale by JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3, Peck-Slip,

THE

VICAR OF LANSDOWNE,

A TALE,

By REGINA M. ROCHE, author of the Maid of the Hamlet, Children of the Abbey, &c.

—

TICKETS

IN THE NAVIGATION LOTTERY,

Sold by John Harriſſon, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

COURT of HYMEN.

—

HE, and he only, taſtes the ſweets of life,
Whoſe fource of bliſs is an endearing wife;
All earth's enjoyments are enhanced to him,
And all its troubles but a ſhallow ſtream:
Quick let us, then, to HYMEN's temple move,
And baſk in happineſs, eſteem and love,

—

MARRIED,

On Thurſday evening, 31ſt Dec. laſt, at Poughkeepſie, by the Rev. Mr. Chaſe, Mr. JONATHAN FISK, of Newburgh, Attorney at Law, to Mrs. SALLY ONDERDONK, of Poughkeepſie.

At Albany, JAMES VAN INGEN, Eſq. to Miſs GERTRUDE SCHUYLER, daughter of Philip P Schuyler, Eſq.

On Saturday the 16th ult. by the Rev. Mr Van Horne, at Johnſtown, Mr NICHOLAS H. VAN RENSSELAER, of Charleſtown, merchant, to Miſs NANCY TEN EYCK, daughter of Myndert Ten Eyck, Eſq.

On Thurſday evening, laſt week, at Clermont, Columbia County, Mr WILLIAM JENKINS, of Hudſon, merchant, to Miſs SOPHIA W. LATHAM, daughter of the late Dr. Latham, of Clermont.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr Pilmore, Mr OLIVER TAYLOR, to Miſs SARAH SCRIPNER.

On Friday evening, by the Rev. Mr Jones, Mr JAMES CUMMINGS, of this city, merchant, to Miſs CATHARINE NUGENT, daughter of John Nugent, Eſq. of the Iſland of Trinidad.

On Sunday laſt, at Oyſter-Bay, by the Rev. Mr Coles, Mr. RICHARD DOWNING, to Miſs PHOEBE WRIGHT.

On Monday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr M'Claſky, Mr STAPHEN THORN, of Poughkeepſie, to Miſs NANCY DOWNING, of Oyſter-Bay, (L. I.)

On Tueſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr Strebeck, Dr SMITH CUTTER, to Miſs NANCY GANTLY, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr Pilmore, Mr SAMUEL HALLOWAY, to Miſs RACHAEL MAIN.

On Wedneſday evening laſt, at North-Hempſtead, by the Rev. Mr Hibbert, Mr NATHANIEL BRASS, to Mrs. CLARK, all of that place.

—

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ "The Man-Milliner, No. 1," is under conſideration.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be preſented, A COMEDY, called,

The Poor Gentleman.

To which will be added, the entertainment of the

Wild Gooſe Chaſe.

Vivat Reſpublica.

HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Ringworms, Tan, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redneſs of the Noſe, Neck or Arms, and Prickley Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION,

This excellent remedy has been adminiſtered by the inventor, for ſeveral years while in England with the greateſt ſucceſs. By the ſimple application of this fluid for a ſhort time, it will remove the moſt rancorous and alarming ſcurvy in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It poſſeſſes all the good qualities of the moſt celebrated coſmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every perſon ſo afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Diſpenſary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, ſold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents. Feb. 6.

Propoſals are received at this Office, for printing by ſubſcription, an entire new work,

THE LIFE OF JASON FAIRBANKS,

A Novel,

By a Gentleman of Maſſachuſetts.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE STORM.

BY THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON.

DARK was the dawn! and o'er the deep
The chilling whirlwind blew;
The sea-bird wheel'd its circling sweep,
And all was drear to view!
When on the sandy beach that binds our shore,
The love-lorn Nancy shriek'd, amidst the deaf'ning roar.

Her streaming eyes beheld the main,
While on her William dear
She madly call'd, but call'd in vain,
No sound could William hear,
Save the shrill yelling of the fatal blast,
While ev'ry messmate's heart quick shudder'd as it past.

"Be still," she cried, "loud tempest, cease;"
Ah! spare the gallant souls!
Mysterious Heaven! the winds increase!
The sea, like mountains, rolls!
While from the deck the storm-drench'd victims leap,
And, over their lifeless forms, the furious billows sweep!

"Oh, cruel power! Oh, ruthless fate!
Does Heav'n's high will decree,
That some should sleep on beds of state,
Some in the roaring sea?
Some nurs'd in lux'ry, deal oppression's blow,
While humble merit pines in poverty and woe;"

"Could the proud rulers of the land
The fable race behold;
Some, bow'd by torture's giant-hand,
And others, bought with gold;
Then would they pity slaves, and cry with shame,
Whate'er our tints may be, our souls are still the same."

"Why seek to mock the Ethiop's face?
Why goad the hapless kind?
Can features alienate the race?
Is there no kindred mind?
Does not the cheek that vaunts the roseate hue,
Oft blush for crimes the Ethiop never knew?"

Behold! the angry waves conspire
To check the barb'rous toil!
While wounded nature's vengeful ire
Roars round our trembling isle!
Methinks her voice re-echoes in the wind,
"Man was not form'd by Heav'n to trample on his kind."

The lab'ring ship was now a wreck,
The shrouds were fluttering wide;
The guns thrown o'er; the lofty deck
Was rock'd from side to side!
Poor Nancy's cheek was bath'd with pity's tear,
And from her icy lip the blood recoil'd with fear!

Now on the yielding sand she roam'd,
And madd'ning at the view,
Mark'd where the liquid mountains foam'd
Around th' exhausted crew.
Till from the forecastle, her William's form
Sprang 'mid the yawning waves, and buffetted the storm.

Long on the swelling surge sustain'd,
Brave William fought the shore;
Watch'd the white cliffs, but ne'er complain'd,
Then sunk---to gaze no more!
Poor Nancy saw him buried by the wave,
And, with her heart's true love, plung'd in a wat'ry grave!

EPIGRAM.

AS a west country Mayor, with formal address,
Was making his speech to the warlike Queen Bess:
"The Spaniards," quoth he, with inveterate spleen,
"Have presum'd to attack you a poor virgin Queen;
"But your Majesty's courage has made it appear,
"That their Donships have ta'en the wrong sow by the ear."

ANECDOTE.

A Correspondent strongly complains of the fashion now prevalent, of the ladies wearing their hair extremely thick upon the fore-head down to the eye brows, by which the brow is wholly concealed. There is indeed something whimsical in thus trying to hide one of the finest features of the countenance, but there is no accounting for the caprices of fashion. The ladies often conceal what they ought to uncover, and uncover what they ought to hide!

MORALIST.

TO a mind susceptible of the impressions of true religion what are the allurements of glory and power? The pomp of royalty it contemplates as the scintillations of the glow worm, which only serve to mark the place of an insect for a few moments that soon must be extinguished forever. As to human power what is its amount? The most absolute monarch on earth, when surrounded by those missions ever ready to execute his will, can he save his greatest favorite from the langour of disease, the decripitude of age, the anguish of disappointed hope, or the terrors of approaching dissolution? His efforts in this case are equally unavailing with those of the meanest of the human race. His power then is only mighty to do mischief. He can destroy a city; lay a whole country desolate, or can involve, perhaps, a great part of the universe in one indiscriminate ruin. And is this the glorious privilege which is the object of the general cupidity of mankind? It is indeed the whole. Yet the beneficent mind, who views it at a great distance, cannot be easily brought to draw this just conclusion It rears up plans of ideal benignity which it hopes the possession of human power would enable to realise. In raising these ideal fabrics of perfection, it pursues the path which nature chalked out as the true road to happiness and peace; and from which no human being can ever be excluded. They are alike allowed to contemplate it in prospect, and all alike are prohibited from being able to reach it in reality.

HIRAM GARDNER,

LADIES' SHOE-MAKER, No 91 BROAD-WAY,

RETURNS his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public in general, for the patronage he has received in the above profession, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, to merit which no endeavors shall be wanting------At the same time he begs leave to state, that owing to the difficulties and expence necessarily attending the collection of small debts, he feels himself under the necessity of DISCONTINUING GIVING CREDIT on articles vended by RETAIL, and trusts, as he proposes in future to vend his shoes one shilling per pair below the usual price, in order to render prompt payment a desirable object to the purchaser, that no offence will be taken by those who have hitherto honored him with their patronage, but that his friends as well the public, will cheerfully accede to what appears so equitable a proposition. Jan. 23

REUBEN BUNN,

LADIES SHOE-MAKER, No 60 WILLIAM-STREET,

RETURNS his grateful acknowledgements to his friends and the public in general, for the patronage he has received in the above profession, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, to merit which no endeavors shall be wanting------At the same time he begs leave to state, that owing to the difficulties and expence necessarily attending the collection of small debts, he feels himself under the necessity of DISCONTINUING GIVING CREDIT on articles vended by RETAIL, and trusts, as he proposes in future to vend his shoes one shilling per pair below the usual price, in order to render prompt payment a desirable circumstance to the purchaser, that no offence will be taken by those who have hitherto honored him with their patronage, but that his friends as well as the public, will cheerfully accede to what appears so equitable a proposition. Jan. 23

FOR SALE.

A large and elegant assortment of Looking Glasses, gilt and mahogany frames, by Carter, Cornell and Co. at their LOOKING GLASS WARE HOUSE, No. 113, corner of Pearl street and Fly Market.

Also, just received, 30 boxes of Looking Glass Plates, and a quantity of the best Mahogany, suitable for cabinet work. Jan. 23. 91 tf

TO LET.

From the first of May next, a genteel two story BRICK HOUSE, the upper part of Greenwich Street, directly opposite Lespinard's Brewery, containing five rooms exclusive of the garret; has a convenient Kitchen and roomy Cellar, a cistern in the yard, and a handsome garden, containing a variety of fruit and ornamental trees. The whole replete with every convenience for a genteel family. For further particulars enquire of WILLIAM PELL, on the premises, or JOHN HARRISSON No 3 Peck Slip. Jan. 16 1802.

JAMES ALWAYS,

Windsor Chair Maker.

Informs his Customers and the Public in general, that he continues to carry on his WINDSOR CHAIR BUSINESS, at No. 40 James Street, where Windsor Chairs of every description, may be had on short notice and reasonable terms. He likewise informs the public, that he has good accommodations for drying old Chairs, when repainted, and will take them from any part of the town, and return them in good order; he will paint them green or any fancy color, at a very low price.

NB. All orders for painting Window blinds carefully attended to. January 30.

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,

The Genuine French Almond Paste,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No. 81 William-street New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powders, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

J. TICE,

Perfumer and Ornamental Hair-Manufacturer.

Has removed from No. 19 Park Row, to No. 134 William-street, next door to Mr. Robertson's Carpet Store---where he has for sale an elegant assortment of Ladies' wigs and Fillets, of various colors, and of the most recent fashions, which he has received by late arrivals from Europe---with a general assortment of PERFUMERY, of the first quality, &c. &c.

He has also for sale---A new invented Liquid Blacking, for boots and shoes, which is an excellent preservation for the leather, and renders it water proof, and will not even soil the whitest silk. Black morocco that is become rusty, by the use of this Blacking, will look equal to new.---To be had only at the above store. Nov. 14.

Shortly will be published, an Original Novel,

Proposals (by Isaac N. Ralston,) for publishing by subscription, an original Novel, to be entitled,

MONIMA,

OR THE BEGGAR GIRL.

WRITTEN BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

Part of which has appeared in the Lady's Monitor.

Of the work in contemplation, and which is now offered for public patronage, enough has already been published, in periodical numbers, to give an idea of it. This promise, however, shall accompany these proposals, that the errors which have made their appearance in the composition, and which were, in some measure, owing to the haste in which it was written, shall be carefully corrected, and every unimportant article particularly omitted.

CONDITIONS.

1 It is expected that this work will be comprised in one volume, of about 330 or 340 pages, duodecimo.

2. It will be printed on a neat type, and good paper, and be delivered to subscribers, handsomely bound and lettered, at one dollar, payable on delivery.

3 The work will be put to press immediately, and be continued with all possible exertion, till it is published.

FOR SALE,

A healthy Negro Wench, 22 years old,---sober, industrious, and honest,---sold for no fault. For particulars enquire of the printer. January 30.

STAMPED PAPER,

Sold at J. Harrisson's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Printed & Edited by JOHN HARRISSON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.]